

Friction

Television

I knew it musta been some big set-up.
All the Action just would not let up.
It's just a little bit back from the main road
where the silence spreads and the men dig holes.
I start to spin the tale
you complain of my diction You give me friction
But I dig friction
You know I'm crazy about friction My eyes are like telescopes
I see it all backwards: but who wants hope?
If I ever catch that ventriloquist
I'll squeeze his head right into my fist.
something comes tracking down,
What's the prediction?
I'll betcha it's friction...
Stop this head motion... set the sails.
You know all us boys gonna wind up in jail.
I don't wanna grow up
there's too much contradiction

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>